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THE ACTORS' SCHEME;  
OR,  
HOW WE GOT OUR DINNER.  
A FARCE,

—BY—

Jos. P. Walsh.

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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# THE ACTORS' SCHEME; OR, HOW WE GOT OUR DINNER.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

E. KEAN FITZGIBBONS ( <i>an actor in distress</i> ).....	Mr. Jos. P. Walsh
ELIAS WAYBACK ( <i>proprietor of hotel</i> ).....	Mr. Thomas Jones
STUMPY ( <i>an actor</i> ).....	Mr. James Allen
FRANCIS ( <i>an actor</i> ).....	Mr. James Dusey
DAISY ( <i>an actress</i> ).....	Miss W. Wilson
EVANGELINE ( <i>an actress</i> ).....	Miss Edna Lent
SALLY WAYBACK.....	Miss Tillie Campbell
MRS. WAYBACK.....	Miss Josie Wood



## COSTUMES.

Fitzgibbons—White tights; Roman shirt; belt for waist; one Roman sandal on left leg; high shoe on the other; tall white hat with wide band of crape around it; long overcoat and long dark hair.

Elias Wayback—Farmer's suit; high shoes; bald wig and goatee.

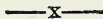
Actors dress as if they had dressed in a hurry.

Sally—Neat house-dress; red hair.

Mrs. Wayback—Plain dress; apron; red hair



## TIME OF PLAYING—THIRTY MINUTES.



## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

\* \* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

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# The Actors' Scheme.

SCENE—Office of International Hotel.

ELIAS WAYBACK *discovered behind the counter.*

*Elias Wayback. (reads)*

My heart is broken, bust in twain;  
My breath's ez sharp ez a rheumatic pain;  
My love hes left me and sailed o'er the sea,  
And he will never come back to me.  
He had blue eyes and a Roman nose;  
And his voice was like the wind that blows;  
His teeth was white but his heart was not,  
And of my heart he's made a blot.

—(*laying down paper*) Shakespeare never writ anything like that.  
(*SALLY sings outside*) Wal, Sally, my gal, it may be all right to  
have some feller call ye sweet an tender names, but I don't see how  
he's agoin' to smooth yer golden tresses cause your'n is red, all fired  
red, like yer ma's.

*Enter, MRS. WAYBACK, L.*

*Mrs. Wayback.* See here, Elias, you call Sally an have her come  
an help me git the dinner instead of stayin' in the parlor, singing  
love songs and writin' poetry. You've allus done your best to spile  
that gal.

*Elias.* Ain't nuther!

*Mrs. W.* Yes, you hev! sending her to boardin' school, an ah  
that—her head is so full of nonsense she ain't wuth shucks!

*Elias.* Wal, ain't she writ a play? An' ain't the editor of the  
"Squaler" glad to get her poetry.

*Mrs. W.* Yes, for nuthin'! I tell you what it is, Elias Wayback,  
I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf with her and make her help me  
arter this.

*Enter, SALLY WAYBACK, L.*

*Sally Wayback.* Papa and mamma, I wish you would cease this

unseemly wrangling! It distracts me so that I cannot collect my thoughts.

Mrs. W. That's a nice way for a gal to talk to her mar. I'll help you to collect your thoughts. (*takes her by the ear and marches her to the door*) Here, miss, you walk into the kitchen and help me git the dinner.

Sally. But, mamma, I must finish my poem first.

Mrs. W. You'll help me finish peelin' the taters, that's wiaht you'll finish!

Elias. Easy, Betsy, easy! Don't be rough with the gal.

Mrs. W. Hold your tongue!

(*slams door in his face as she exits with SALLY, L.*)

*Enter, FITZGIBBONS and Company, R.*

Fitzgibbons. Ha, do I behold the genial boniface of this comfortable looking hostelry?

Elias. Wal, if yer mean the keeper of this ere tavern, ye do.

Fitz. Ha, I thought I could not be mistaken when nature, the universal mother, designs one of her children for a certain pursuit she stamps upon that chi'd's countenance, the outward signs of his calling so that all who run may read; and you, my dear sir, are the perambulating personification of the sign—"Good cheer found here for man and beast."

Stumpy. (*aside*) Especially for the beast.

Fitz. Allow me to make myself known. I am E. Kean Fitzgibbons, proprietor of the "Fitz Metropolitan All Star Combination." These are the members of my company.

Elias. Ye run a show troop, eh?

Fitz. Exactly! Now, sir, if you have a pen and ink handy, I will register our names.

Elias. My darter Sally hes got it in the next room; wait and I'll get it. (*exit L.*)

Fitz. (*in tragic whisper*) Hush! I think we have struck an angel in disguise.

Stumpy. Why?

Fitz. Because he has not struck us for the board in advance.

Stumpy. But he will, he will!

Francis. But I say, Fitz, how are you going to explain about these togs we've got on?

Fitz. Patience, my boy, patience! The inventive faculty that has never failed its owner in the worst kind of a stick before the footlights, will not fail him now.

*Enter, ELIAS, L., with ink.*

Elias. Here ye are?

Fitz. I perceive, my dear sir, that you have been gazing at myself and company aince our arrival, with wonder and surprise.

Elias. Wal, yes; I was wondering where in creation ye got all the clothes from?

Fitz. That's easily explained. In the town in which we appeared we were struck by a tornado.

Stumpy. (*aside*) In the shape of a disgusted audience.

Fitz. And this is all the angry elements have left us. Ah, it was a rough night—the gods were against us.

Stumpy. (*looking at audience*) They was—they was!

*Fitz.* But to business? How many suits of apartments have you?

*Elias.* Suits of apartments—what's them?

*Fitz.* Why, a number of adjoining rooms consisting of parlor, bed-room and bath.

*Elias.* Ain't got none, but I've got a nice back room on the top floor with a door and a winder in it.

*Fitz.* I'll take it! (exit L.

*Elias.* The rest of you will have to sleep there in a bed and the two gals kin take a hall bed-room. (exit, actors, L., grumbling

*Enter, MRS. WAYBACK, L.*

*Mrs. W.* Wal, what's up now?

*Elias.* Got a big lot of boarders, six on 'em jest come.

*Mrs. W.* Who be they?

*Elias.* Show folks.

*Mrs. W.* Show folks—heap we'll make out o' them!

*Elias.* Hadn't I better go an git some more sassage?

*Mrs. W.* No! Did you make them pay in advance?

*Elias.* Wal no; I guess it's all right though!

*Mrs. W.* You guess? Wal, don't guess—make 'em pay an then you'll be sure. Remember, I won't let 'em into the dining room till they've settled their bill! (exit L.

*Elias.* I wonder how that'll strike 'em?

*Enter, SALLY, L.*

*Sally.* Oh, papa! Mamma says you've taken in a show troupe!

*Elias.* Yer mar is right for once.

*Sally.* Perhaps I could get the manager to read my play.

*Elias.* I reckon ye might sell it to him. Yer mar says I must make the show folks pay.

*Sally.* Ah, she is so dreadfully common place. I wish she was more like the lady duffer in my novel, "The Cruel Step-Mother; or, A Young Girl's Struggle for Fame."

*Elias.* Never mind, Sally, she knows how to manage things, including yer dad. Now for the show folks!

(goes to door—rings bell

*Enter, Actors, L., with a rush.*

*Elias.* (stopping them at door) Wait a second, my friends! There is a little matter I forgot to mention. Show folks pay in advance.

*Fitz.* Base menial, do you dare to cast a doubt on our honesty?

*Elias.* There is no doubt about the matter, but business is business.

*Fitz.* Now, by all the powers of heaven and earth, and shall I couple Hel—ena, Montana—but this galls me! Has it come to this?

*Stumpy.* (to actors) The landlord has a level head.

*Sally.* Oh, papa, don't be so grasping! I am sure that gentleman will liquidate any indebtedness he may incur.

*Fitz.* A Daniel come to judgment. (takes her hand) You are one, I percieve, whose freshness of youth has not taught her to doubt any truth and honesty of her fellow beings.

*Sally.* Oh, sir—

*Fitz.* And this gentleman is your father. Ah, of course—one fair daughter whom he loved passing well.



*Elias.* Yes, and she's a right smart girl, if I do say so. She's writ a play.

*Fitz.* Written a play? So young and yet so rash—I mean, so wise; but I might have known it! Ah, I am sure your journey up the rugged hill of fame has not been a weary climb, but rather a rapid flight on eagles wings.

*Sally.* (*aside*) At last I have found some one to appreciate me!

*Elias.* Perhaps ye might like to buy the play?

*Fitz.* Of course; bring hither the child of thy brain.

*Sally.* (*aside*) Oh, what a nice man! (*exit L.*)

*Fitz.* (*aside to company*) This is our salvation. I see our way clear to fame and three square meals.

*Stumpy.* But, Fitz, don't read the play before dinner.

*Fitz.* Trust me—I have no stomach for the deed.

*Enter, SALLY, L.*

*S y.* Here it is, sir! (*hands him mss*)

*Stumpy.* (*aside—imitating FITZGIBBONS*) You that have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.

*Fitz.* (*opening play—reads*) “A Tale of Blood.” Ah, a strong title! (*reads*) “A tragedy in ten acts—thirty-six scenes. Act first, scene first—a gloomy forest; enter, Marion, the man of blood. Marion:—‘What foul fiend is it that urges me on to dip my hand in human gore? In childhood, my aged grandmother angered me and I slew her; me kind and faithful nurse thwarted some babyish whim and her I slew. Father, mother, sisters and brothers—all have been sacrificed to my mad thirst for blood.’”

*Stumpy.* (*shivering in mock terror*) Oh, p-p-l-e-a-s-e don't read any more! It gives me the horrors.

*Elias.* High faultin', ain't it?

*Fitz.* It is marvelous—the work of a transcendent genius; but the price you put on this incomprehensible—I mean incomparable work?

*Stumpy.* (*aside*) Weigh it—paper rags are worth half cent a pound.

*Elias.* Three dollars would not be too much, would it?

*Fitz.* Three dollars! One hundred dollars would come nearer the mark!

*Elias.* (*aside to SALLY*) Take him up, Sally, take him up!

*Fitz.* But stay! I have a better scheme than that. I will produce the play here in your city and then you can see for yourself what it is worth and your father shall pay all the bills for the production and board myself and company, free of charge.

*Sally.* The very thing!

*Elias.* I'm afraid your mar—

*Sally.* I'll call her. (*going to door L.*) Mamma, come here a moment.

*Enter, MRS. WAYBACK, L.*

*Mrs. W.* What's the matter? Can't you make the show folks pay?

*Fitz.* Permit me, madam, to grasp your hand. (*takes her hand*) The mother of such a daughter as yours, must be a lady of superior mind and education.

*Mrs. W.* (*snatching her hand away*) Don't try none of your soft



sodder on me, young man! If you and your troop can't pay, you must pack.

*Fitz.* On the contrary, it is our intention to compensate you a hundred fold but not with vile lucre alone. Through the efforts of myself and company, the name of Wayback shall be placed in the annals of fame.

*Mrs. W.* Nonsense! Sir, what do you take us for? Pay your money or else you must get.

*Fitz.* Why, my dear madam, do you mean to insinuate that I, the great and renowned actor, could not pay such a small amount of money. Why, my dear madam, I would not carry such a small amount in the corner of my vest pocket!

*Elias.* Now look here, Betsy, don't get so excited about it! Why, they're all right!

*Mrs. W.* No, Elias, I won't have it! They must pay or else go!

*Elias.* Wal, they can stay here. I am boss of this ere tavern and don't you fergit it! Now go and git the dinner for 'em.

*Mrs. W.* Wal, I tell you they don't come in unless they pay and that settles it! I'll go and put pison in the food if I do!

*(bangs the door as she exits with SALLY, L.)*

*Fitz.* Why, my dear sir, I cannot understand what she means!

*Elias.* That's all right, sir, don't mind her; she very often gets those fits.

*Fitz. (aside)* By the Gods, we have won the heart of the old man! *(aloud)* Now, sir, tell us where we can go to have dinner; we are very hungry after our long journey.

*Elias. (showing them door R.)* Dinner's all ready, my friends; you can leave your old traps here.

*Fitz. (loudly)* By the Gods, we eat at last!

*(exit actors, R.)*

*Elias.* Wal, of all the harum scarum chaps I ever saw, they beat them out! Wal, I don't care anyhow, so long as Sally hes sold the play. Anything to please the gal—that's all I care about! Betsy got so wild, I'll be goll darned if I hardly knew what I was sayin' to her! *(SALLY heard singing outside)* Wal, Sally, my gal, I don't doubt but you are happy this evening by the way your voice rings. You are a mighty good singer, indeed, when the rest are asleep.

*Enter, FITZGIBBONS and Company, R.*

*Fitz.* Now, sir, that we have eaten a good meal, we will amuse you by doing something in the line of singing and playing.

*(specialties introduced by the company)*

*Elias.* Wal, I declare, if you folks don't come up to the times, I don't know what to say!

*Fitz.* Well, sir, what is your idea of my company? Of course, this is only to entertain you.

*Elias. (aside)* Betsy'll entertain me when I go up stairs, you bet!

*Fitz. (aside to company)* Well, don't you think we have played a good game to-day? I hope it will be as good to-morrow; if not, we must do something to get along.

*Stumpy. (aside)* Well, Fitz, what are you going to do about the play? I hope you are not going to put it on.

*Fritz. (aside)* Don't you fret; we will git out of this all right, if you do what I say. To-night when all are in bed, we will take

French leave by the window, and let the landlord find some one else to run his play for him.

*Elias.* Wal, show folks, when will you put the play on for me? Do you think you will be able to put it on this week?

*Fitz.* Well, sir, we will—or at least I think we will be able to play it in about two days more. I was just looking over the play and discovered that we did not have enough people to fill the cast.

*Elias.* Wal, if it's short of men that ye are, I will do my best to help you out, and as my gal is kinder stuck on show business, she will do the same. I think it is about time for me to go up stairs as Betsy wants to see me. Arter that we will come down and hev a good time. (exit L.)

*Fitz.* Now let's enjoy ourselves before we leave, and, Daisy, you go up and bring down the baggage and let's be off!

*(while DAISY is gone, they toss everything about and exeunt, R.)*

*Enter, ELIAS and MRS. WAYBACK, L.*

*Elias.* Now we are going to have a good time! *(looks around in astonishment)* Why, what does all this mean? Where hes the show folks gone to?

*Mrs. W.* *(looks at him—runs at him and shakes him)* Didn't I tell yer thet ye were doing a foolish thing to let 'em in, but you would not listen to me! Now you hev what you deserve!

*Elias.* *(takes her hand)* Wal, arter all, Betsy, I do believe you now, cause I noticed them talkin' over in the corner, and I hev larned a lesson fer once. It was the actors' scheme to get a dinner.

CURTAIN.

THE END.



